

# PROLOGUE

For The

## MUSICK,

Spoken on Tuesday, *January* the  
4th, 1703.

**S**UCH is, Yee Fair, your Universal Sway,  
That all our Joys to you their Homage pay;  
We find not one sincere, if Beauty be away.

*Bacchus* no longer Rival Charms can boast,  
No Son of his can drink without a Toast.  
The circling Glas no sprightly Thoughts can raise,  
That bears not Numbers sacred to your Praise.  
Love must be there, and mingle with the Charm,  
To teach the dull insipid Juice to warm.

Inspir'd by you, the teeming Muse brings forth,  
And Wit and Musick are the lovely Birth.  
Well pleas'd the Masters touch the trembling Strings,  
And bless their Art which such an Audience brings:  
Yet vain those Strings, and vain were all that Art,  
If Beauty did not join to fire the Heart.  
Some pleasing Thoughts their Harmony may move,  
But the true real Joy we taste is Love.

Thus Loyally we own your rightful Reign,  
Think Life well spent with you, and Loss of Freedom Gain:  
From you our God of Verse derives his Lays,  
To you he consecrates his Lyre and Bays;  
To you he bids his tuneful Sons submit,  
You, who refine their Pleasures and their Wit.  
What Praise, what Honours might the Muses hope,  
Wou'd you vouchsafe the sinking Stage to prop!  
Well wou'd your Presence pay the Poet's Pain,  
The Comick Art, and lofty Tragick Strain:  
Since what was Sung to you cou'd ne'er be Sung in vain.

# EPILOGUE

To The

## LADIES.

WITH Joy we see this Circle of the Fair,  
 Since the late Trial of the Tuneful Pair:  
 Your Country's Friends, you love the Native Strains  
 Of Musick here, where *England's* Genius reigns.

In other Walls tho' Harmony be found,  
 You know 'tis foreign, and disdain the Sound:  
 Who haunt New Conforts, Faction wou'd create,  
 And are Dissenters in *Apollo's* State:  
 They shun our Stages, where he keeps his Court,  
 And to some gloomy Meeting-house Resort:  
 While you with Duty own his rightful Cause,  
 And guard this Place, Establish'd by his Laws.

But now your Charms a Nobler Task pursue,  
 And *Spain* a Revolution waits from you:  
 That blooming Hero, you at Court admir'd,  
 In Arms must Triumph, by your Praises fir'd:  
 Success is yours, and Victory inclines  
 Still to that Side, on which your Favour shines:  
*Mars* will himself conduct our future Wars,  
 When ev'ry *Venus* for this Prince declares;  
 When freely serving this well-weigh'd Design,  
 Our Nation's Treasure and its Beauty join.

Yet, when this happy Scheme, by Wisdom wrought,  
 Is by his Valour to Perfection brought;  
 And his glad Subjects shall their King receive,  
 Grac'd with a Crown, which *Anne* alone cou'd give;  
 Reflecting then what Wonders he had seen,  
 The Court, these Beauties and our Glorious Queen;  
 That warm Idea he must still retain:  
 And think, tho' Seated on the Throne of *Spain*,  
 Tho' with the Treasure of both *Indies* Crown'd,  
 He left a brighter Empire than he found.

FINIS.